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E-MAN
CHARLTON COMICS
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PROLOGUE! HISTORY OF E-MAN AND NOVA

E-MAN WAS CREATED WHEN A STAR ERUPTED, EMITTING A PACKET OF ENERGY...

EEYOW!! I'M BORN!

FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS, HE WANDERED THROUGH THE UNIVERSE, UNTIL HE CAME TO THE EARTH, WHERE HE COPIED HUMAN FORM...

I THINK, THEREFORE, I AM... BUT WHAT AM I?

...AND BECAME E-MAN, A CREATURE WHO CAN CHANGE INTO ANY FORM OF MATTER OR ENERGY. THIS IS SYMBOLIZED BY THE FORMULA ON HIS CHEST: $E=mc^2$, EINSTEIN'S FAMOUS EQUATION.

HE BEFRIENDED NOVA KANE WHO WORKED HER WAY THROUGH COLLEGE BY PERFORMING AS A BURLESQUE QUEEN. DUE TO AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT, NOVA'S BODY WAS BLOWN TO ATOMS, BUT SHE REFORMED HERSELF...

...TO BECOME E-MAN'S PARTNER, WITH HIS IDENTICAL POWERS...

...I PROUDLY PRESENT...

E-MAN AND NOVA!

D-6796

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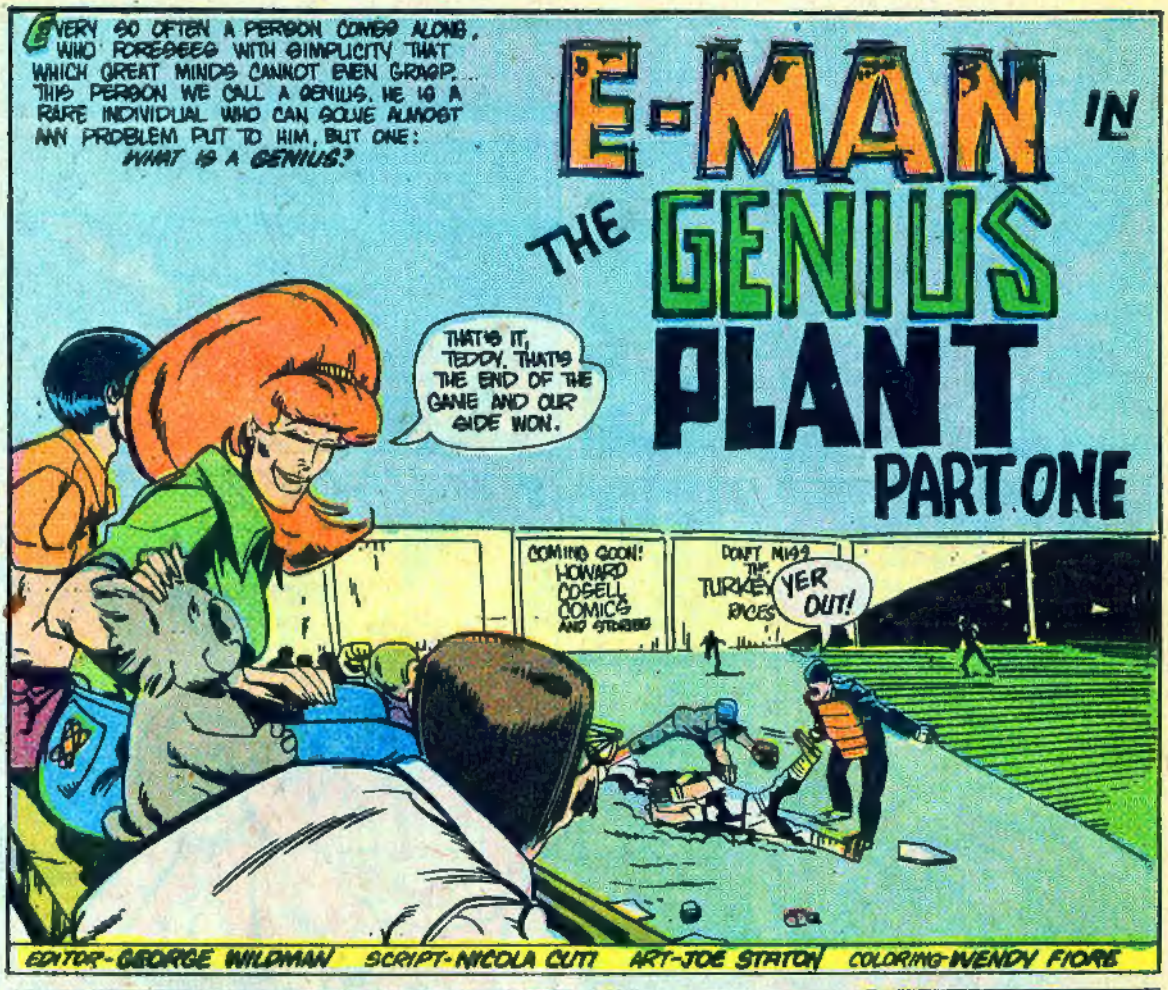
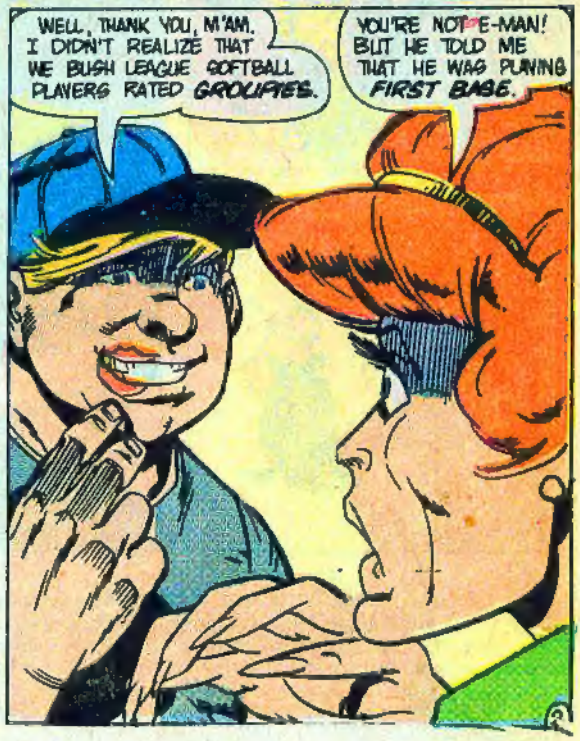
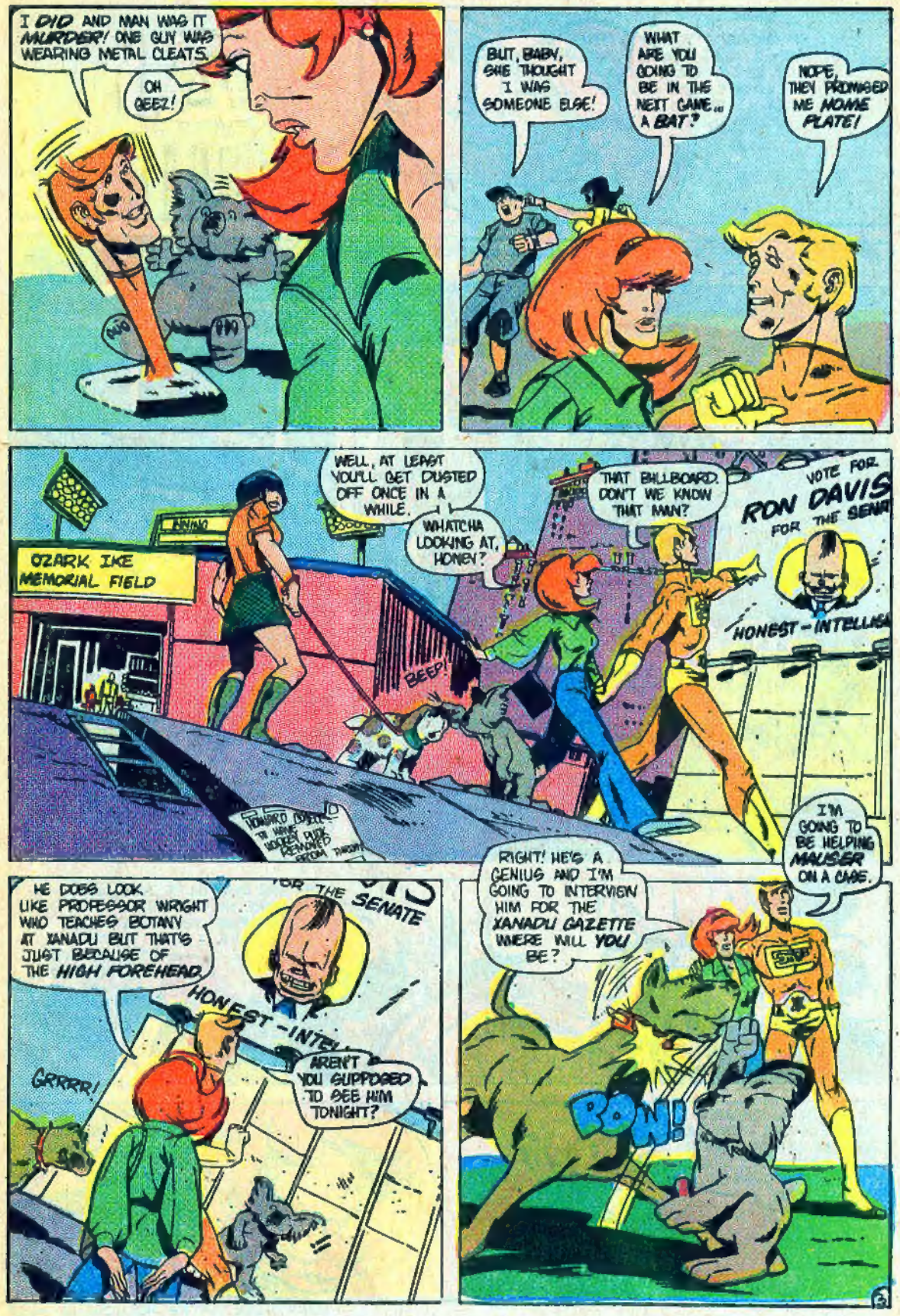
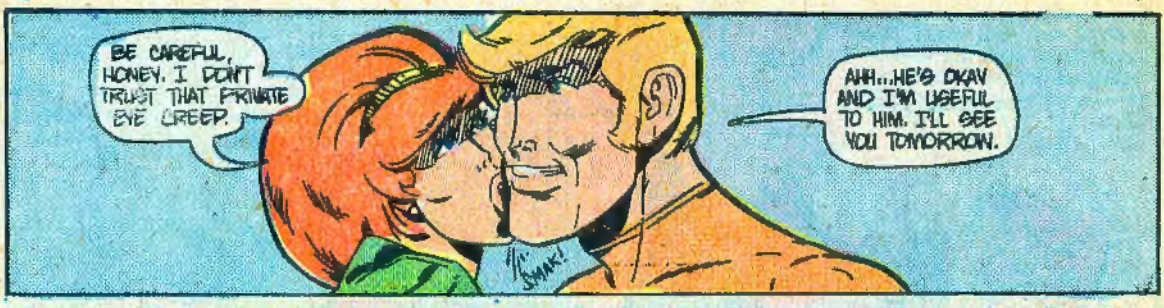
A MrBC Scan!


EVERY SO OFTEN A PERSON COMES ALONG, WHO FORESEES WITH SIMPLICITY THAT WHICH GREAT MINDS CANNOT EVEN GRASP... THIS PERSON WE CALL A GENIUS. HE IS A RARE INDIVIDUAL WHO CAN SOLVE ALMOST ANY PROBLEM PUT TO HIM, BUT ONE: WHAT IS A GENIUS?
E-MAN IN THE GENIUS PLANT PART ONE
THAT'S IT, TEDDY. THAT'S THE END OF THE GAME AND OUR SIDE WON.
COMING SOON! HOWARD OSGELL COMICS AND STORIES!
DON'T MISS THE TURKEY RACES
YER OUT!
EDITOR-GEORGE WILDMAN SCRIPT-NICOLA CUTI ART-JOE STATON COLORING-WENDY FIORE

YOU WERE WONDERFUL, HONEY. HERE'S YOUR REWARD.
SMAK


WELL, THANK YOU, M'AM. I DIDN'T REALIZE THAT WE BUSH LEAGUE SOFTBALL PLAYERS RATED GROUPIES.
YOU'RE NOT E-MAN! BUT HE TOLD ME THAT HE WAS PLAYING FIRST BASE.


I DID AND MAN WAS IT MURDER! ONE GUY WAS WEARING METAL CLEATS.
OH GEEZ!
BUT, BABY, SHE THOUGHT I WAS SOMEONE ELSE!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE IN THE NEXT GAME... A BAT?
NOPE, THEY PROMISED ME HOME PLATE!
OZARK IKE MEMORIAL FIELD
WELL, AT LEAST YOU'LL GET DUSTED OFF ONCE IN A WHILE.
WHATCHA LOOKING AT, HONEY?
THAT BILLBOARD. DON'T WE KNOW THAT MAN?
VOTE FOR RON DAVIS FOR THE SENATE
HONEST - INTELLIGENT
BEEP!
HE DOES LOOK LIKE PROFESSOR WRIGHT WHO TEACHES BOTANY AT XANADU BUT THAT'S JUST BECAUSE OF THE HIGH FOREHEAD.
FOR THE SENATE
HONEST - INTEL
GRRRR!
AREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO SEE HIM TONIGHT?
RIGHT! HE'S A GENIUS AND I'M GOING TO INTERVIEW HIM FOR THE XANADU GAZETTE WHERE WILL YOU BE?
I'M GOING TO BE HELPING MAUSER ON A CASE.
ROW!



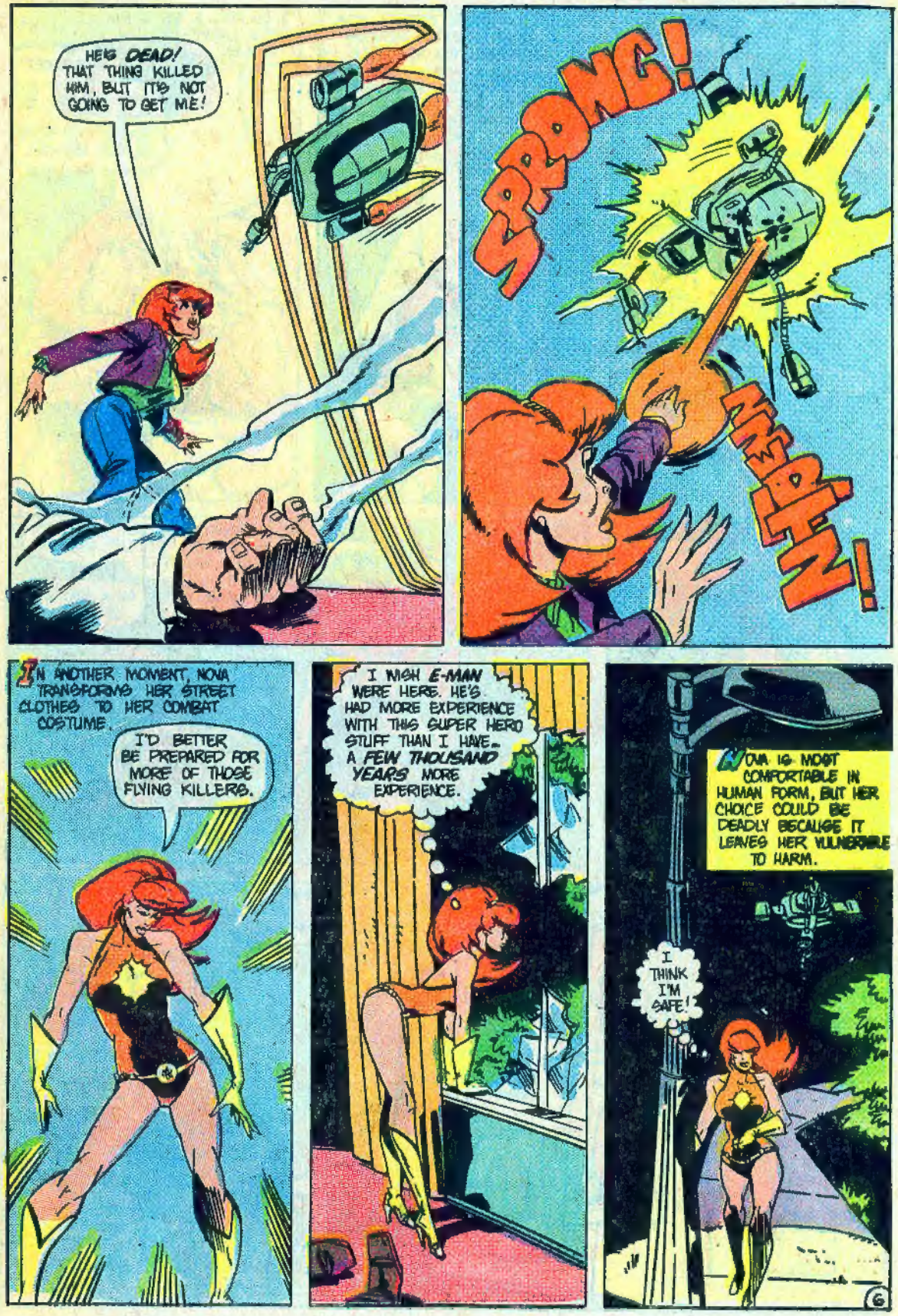
PROFESSOR WRIGHT'S HOUSE WAS A LONELY OLD PLACE JUST BEYOND THE CAMPUS GARDENS.
THE HOUSE IS DARK BUT THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE GREENHOUSE. I'LL BET THAT'S WHERE HE IS.

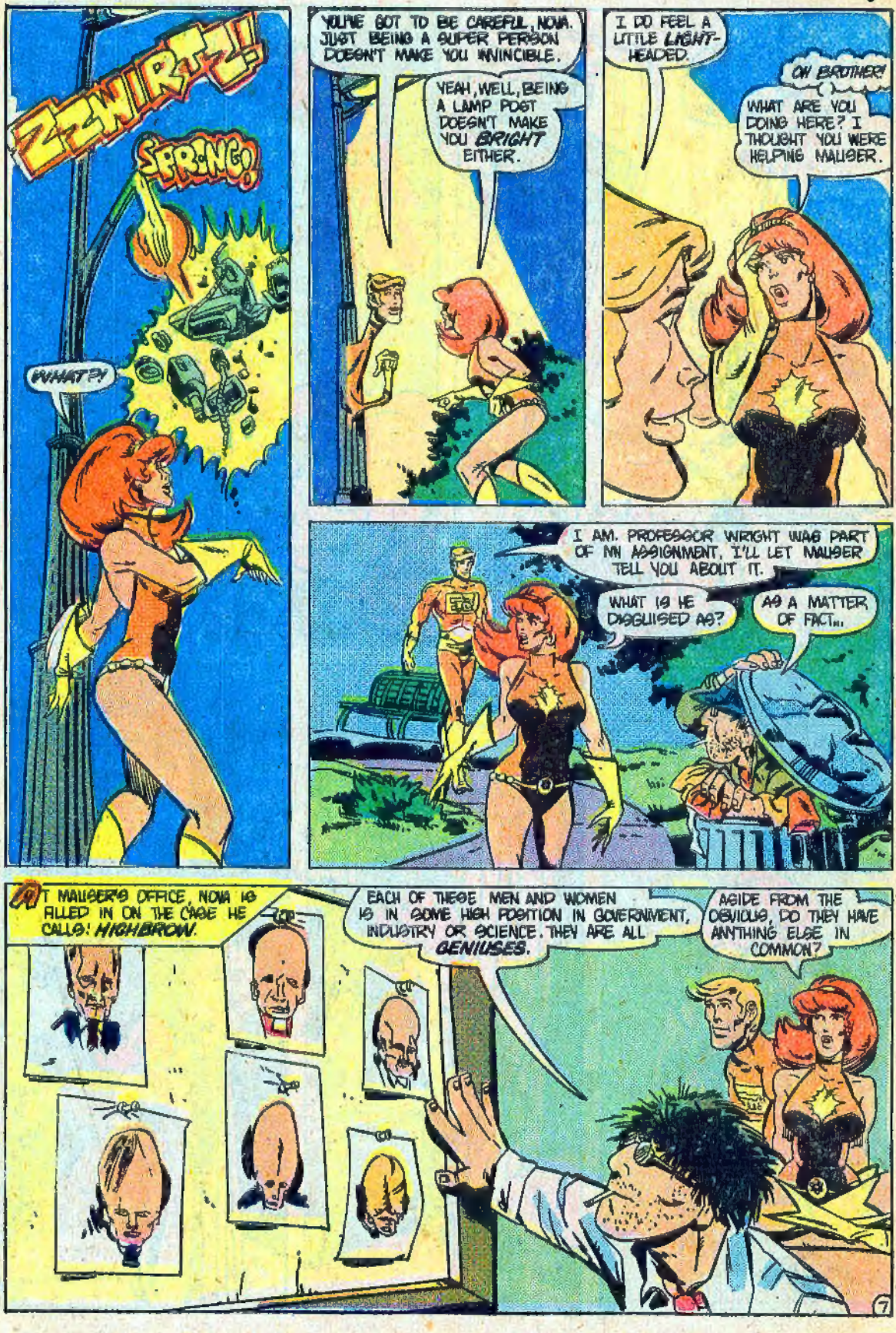
THEY ARE DEAD, ALL OF THEM, AND THEY WERE MY LAST HOPE. ONLY GENIUS ONE KNOWS THE FORMULA. I HAVE FAILED.
WHAT ARE THEY AND WHO IS GENIUS ONE?

I AM BEING PUNISHED FOR BETRAYING THEM. THEY HAVE CUT OFF MY SUPPLY OF PLANTS AND I COULD NOT GROW THEM ON MY OWN.
HE'S NOT PAYING ATTENTION TO ME.

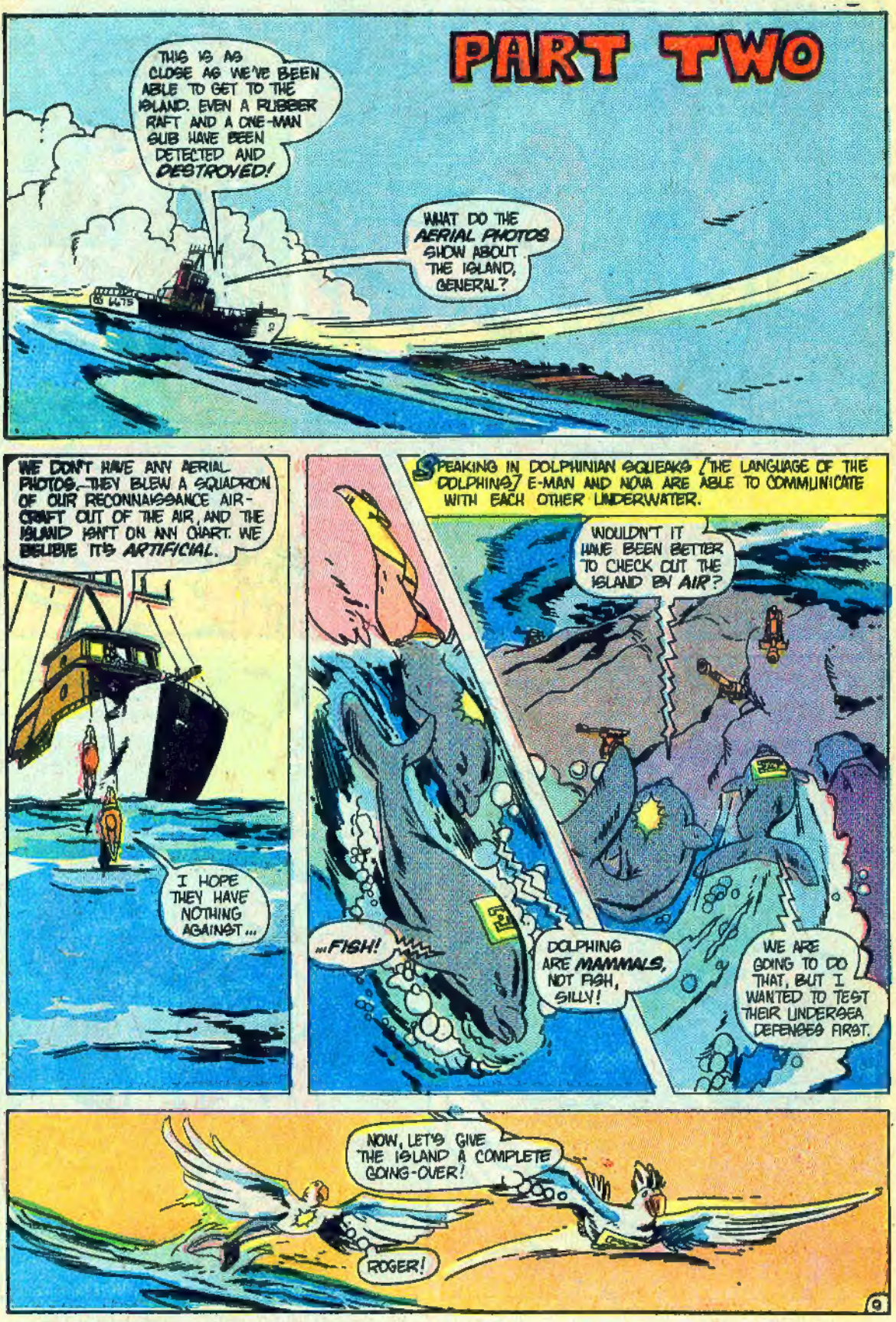
CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

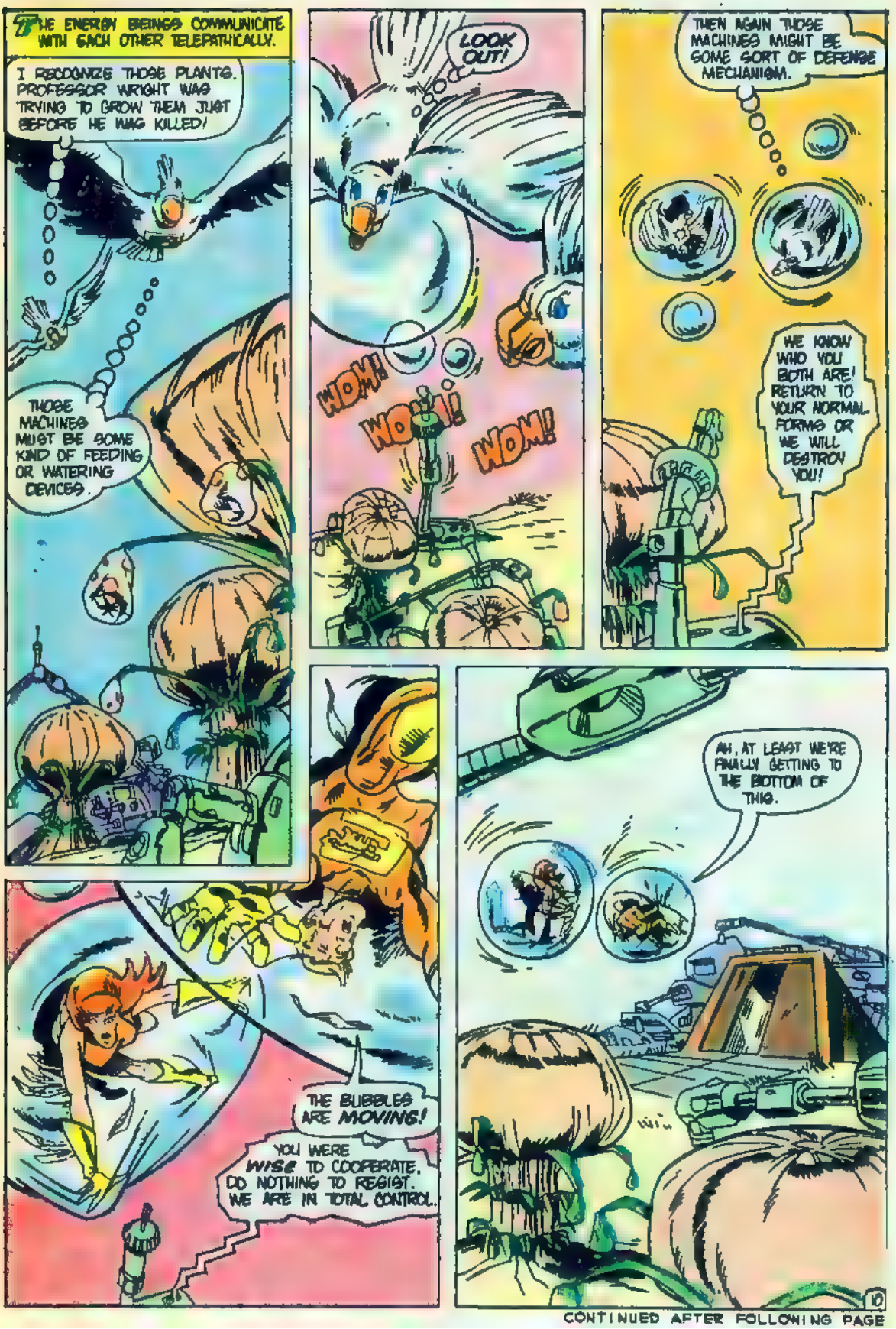
I MUST HAVE THOSE PLANTS! I MUST HAVE THEM!
WHO ARE "THEY?" WHAT PLANTS? WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO YOU WITHOUT THEM?
WHERE IS THAT LOUSY PENCIL?
THAT'S A PENCIL? IT LOOKS MORE LIKE A BULLET.
WHAT WILL HAPPEN, DID YOU SAY? IT'S BEGINNING TO HAPPEN ALREADY!
WITHOUT THOSE PLANTS FOR NUTRITION...
...MY BRAIN BEGINS TA SHRINK...
...AN' DEN I AIN'T SMART NO MORE LIKE I USTA BE...
O MY GOD!
YUH GOTTA HELP ME, MISS KANE, 'CAUSE NOW THEY'RE GONNA KILL ME!
THEM!!
ZWORP!
KRAASSH!
WHO'S GOING TO KILL YOU? YOU MUST TELL ME BEFORE YOU BECOME WORSE.


HE'S DEAD! THAT THING KILLED HIM, BUT IT'S NOT GOING TO GET ME!
SPRONG!
KNIFE!
IN ANOTHER MOMENT, NOVA TRANSFORMS HER STREET CLOTHES TO HER COMBAT COSTUME.
I'D BETTER BE PREPARED FOR MORE OF THOSE FLYING KILLERS.
I WISH E-MAN WERE HERE. HE'S HAD MORE EXPERIENCE WITH THIS SUPER HERO STUFF THAN I HAVE— A FEW THOUSAND YEARS MORE EXPERIENCE.
NOVA IS MOST COMFORTABLE IN HUMAN FORM, BUT HER CHOICE COULD BE DEADLY BECAUSE IT LEAVES HER VULNERABLE TO HARM.
I THINK I'M SAFE!
6


ZZWIRTZ!!
SPRING!
WHAT?!
YOU'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL, NOVA. JUST BEING A SUPER PERSON DOESN'T MAKE YOU INVINCIBLE.
YEAH, WELL, BEING A LAMP POST DOESN'T MAKE YOU BRIGHT EITHER.
I DO FEEL A LITTLE LIGHT-HEADED.
OH BROTHER!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I THOUGHT YOU WERE HELPING MALISER.
I AM. PROFESSOR WRIGHT WAS PART OF MY ASSIGNMENT. I'LL LET MALISER TELL YOU ABOUT IT.
WHAT IS HE DISGUISED AS?
AS A MATTER OF FACT...
AT MALISER'S OFFICE, NOVA IS FILLED IN ON THE CASE HE CALLS: HIGHBROW.
EACH OF THESE MEN AND WOMEN IS IN SOME HIGH POSITION IN GOVERNMENT, INDUSTRY OR SCIENCE. THEY ARE ALL GENIUSES.
ASIDE FROM THE OBVIOUS, DO THEY HAVE ANYTHING ELSE IN COMMON?
7

THEY ALL BELONG TO AN ORGANIZATION WHOSE AIM IS TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD!
NOVA, MEET GENERAL DOANE.
WHO ISN'T TRYING TO DO THAT? I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND WHY THEY'RE TRYING.
THIS IS NO JOKING MATTER, MR. KANE. THEY HAVE THE INTELLIGENCE AND, WE BELIEVE, THE POWER TO SUCCEED.
WRIGHT GAVE US SOME INFORMATION, BUT HE WAS AFRAID TO TELL US EVERYTHING.
WHAT DO YOU KNOW?
WE KNOW THAT THIS ORGANIZATION ORIGINATES FROM THIS ISLAND, BUT THE ISLAND'S DEFENSES ARE IMPENETRABLE BY SHIP, PLANE, OR SUBMARINE.
I THINK WE'VE BEEN DUMPED!
"BUT BOTH OF YOU WILL GET THROUGH!
CLUNK!
END PART ONE


PART TWO
THIS IS AS CLOSE AS WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO GET TO THE ISLAND. EVEN A RUBBER RAFT AND A ONE-MAN SUB HAVE BEEN DETECTED AND DESTROYED!
WHAT DO THE AERIAL PHOTOS SHOW ABOUT THE ISLAND, GENERAL?
WE DON'T HAVE ANY AERIAL PHOTOS.—THEY BLEW A SQUADRON OF OUR RECONNAISSANCE AIRCRAFT OUT OF THE AIR, AND THE ISLAND ISN'T ON ANY CHART. WE BELIEVE IT'S ARTIFICIAL.
I HOPE THEY HAVE NOTHING AGAINST...
SPEAKING IN DOLPHINIAN SQUEAKS (THE LANGUAGE OF THE DOLPHINS) E-MAN AND NOVA ARE ABLE TO COMMUNICATE WITH EACH OTHER UNDERWATER.
WOULDN'T IT HAVE BEEN BETTER TO CHECK OUT THE ISLAND BY AIR?
...FISH!
DOLPHINS ARE MAMMALS, NOT FISH, SILLY!
WE ARE GOING TO DO THAT, BUT I WANTED TO TEST THEIR UNDERSEA DEFENSES FIRST.
NOW, LET'S GIVE THE ISLAND A COMPLETE GOING-OVER!
ROGER!


THE ENERGY BEINGS COMMUNICATE WITH EACH OTHER TELEPATHICALLY.
I RECOGNIZE THOSE PLANTS. PROFESSOR WRIGHT WAS TRYING TO GROW THEM JUST BEFORE HE WAS KILLED!
THOSE MACHINES MUST BE SOME KIND OF FEEDING OR WATERING DEVICES.
LOOK OUT!
WOW!
NO!!
WOW!
THEN AGAIN THOSE MACHINES MIGHT BE SOME SORT OF DEFENSE MECHANISM.
WE KNOW WHO YOU BOTH ARE! RETURN TO YOUR NORMAL FORMS OR WE WILL DESTROY YOU!
AH, AT LEAST WE'RE FINALLY GETTING TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS.
THE BUBBLES ARE MOVING!
YOU WERE WISE TO COOPERATE. DO NOTHING TO RESIST. WE ARE IN TOTAL CONTROL.
10

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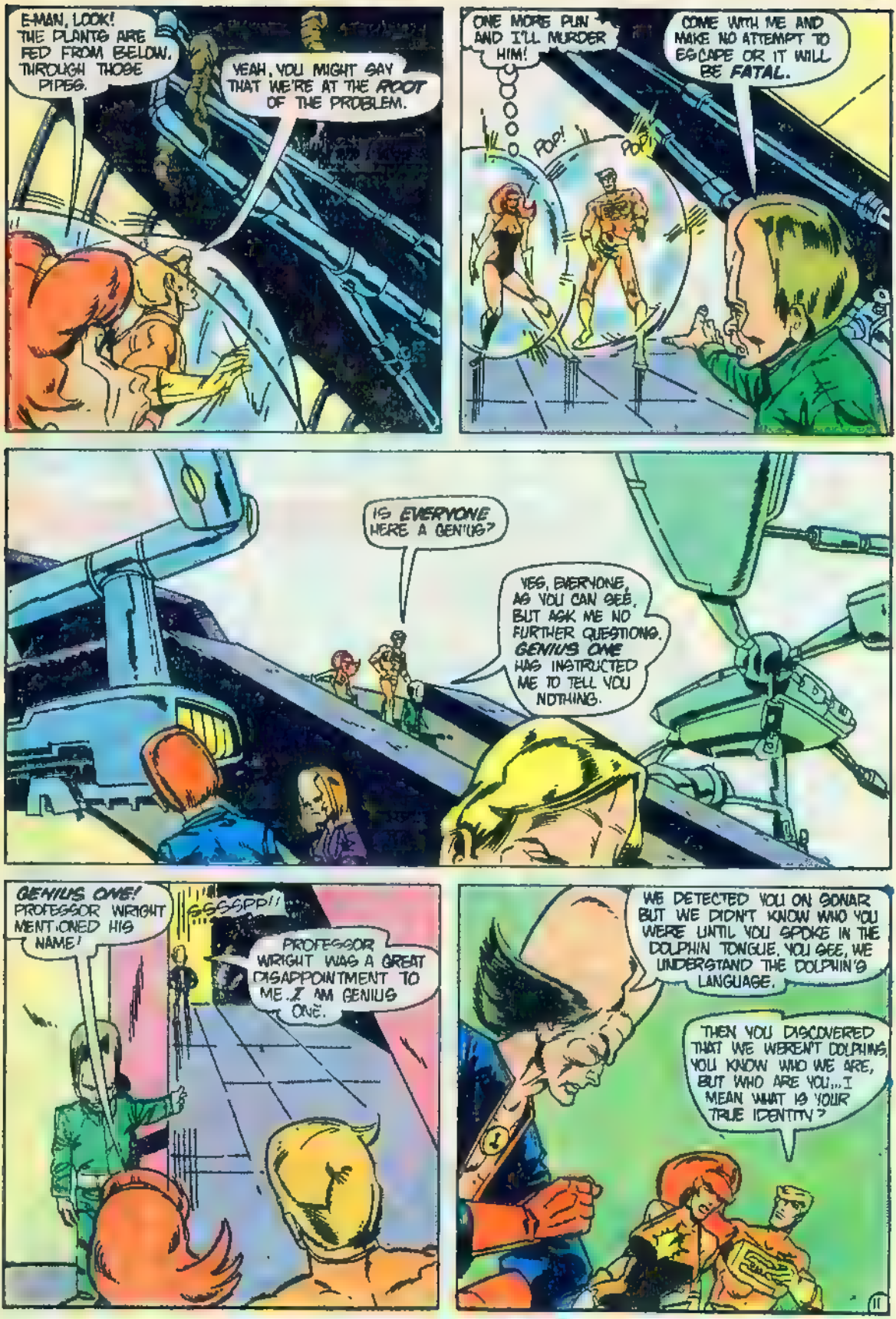
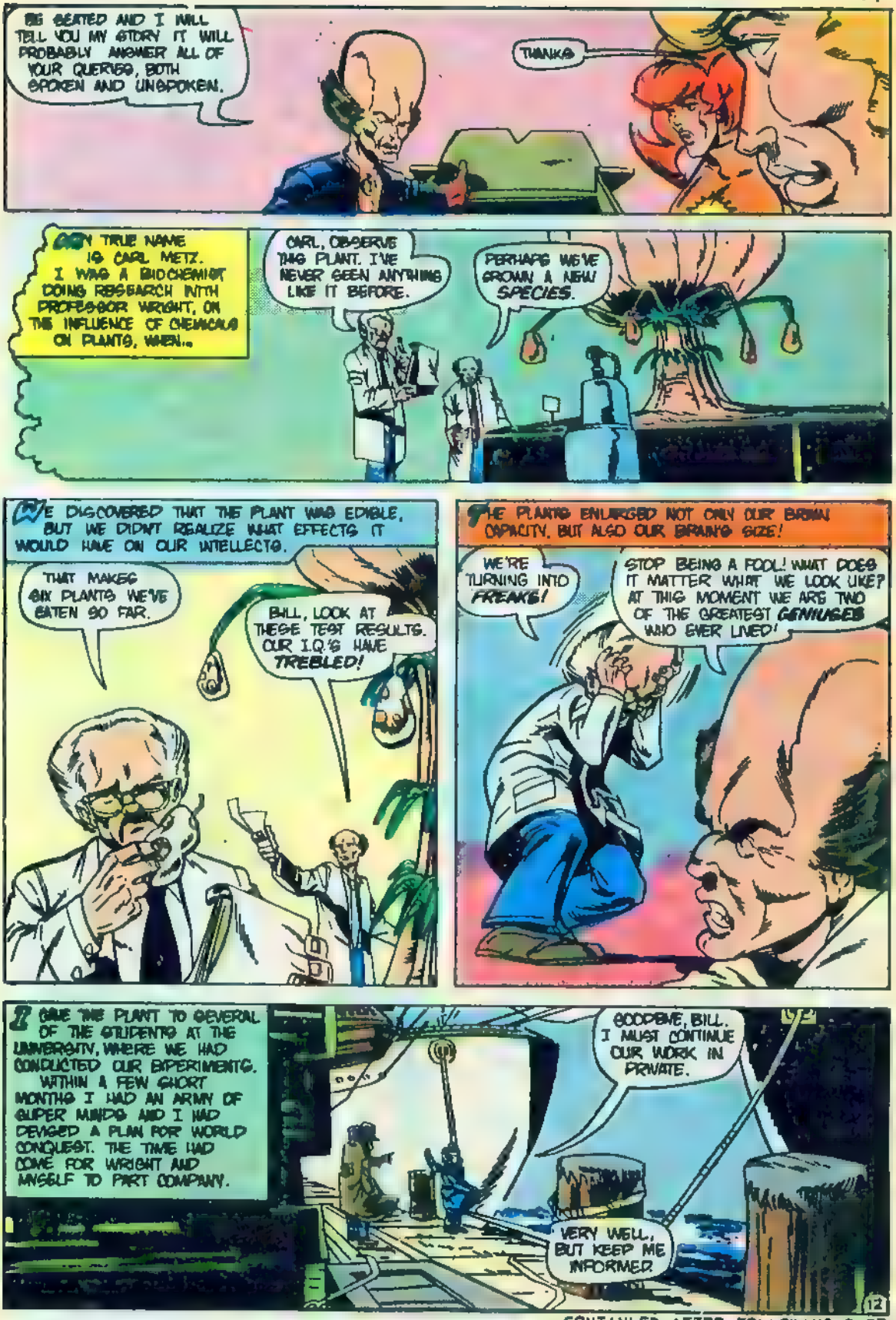

E-MAN, LOOK! THE PLANTS ARE FED FROM BELOW, THROUGH THOSE PIPES.
YEAH, YOU MIGHT SAY THAT WE'RE AT THE ROOT OF THE PROBLEM.
ONE MORE PUN AND I'LL MURDER HIM!
COME WITH ME AND MAKE NO ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE OR IT WILL BE FATAL.
POP!
POP!
IS EVERYONE HERE A GENIUS?
YES, EVERYONE, AS YOU CAN SEE, BUT ASK ME NO FURTHER QUESTIONS. GENIUS ONE HAS INSTRUCTED ME TO TELL YOU NOTHING.
GENIUS ONE! PROFESSOR WRIGHT MENTIONED HIS NAME!
SSSSPP!!
PROFESSOR WRIGHT WAS A GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT TO ME. I AM GENIUS ONE.
WE DETECTED YOU ON SONAR BUT WE DIDN'T KNOW WHO YOU WERE UNTIL YOU SPOKE IN THE DOLPHIN TONGUE. YOU SEE, WE UNDERSTAND THE DOLPHIN'S LANGUAGE.
THEN YOU DISCOVERED THAT WE WEREN'T DOLPHINS. YOU KNOW WHO WE ARE, BUT WHO ARE YOU... I MEAN WHAT IS YOUR TRUE IDENTITY?
11


BE SEATED AND I WILL TELL YOU MY STORY IT WILL PROBABLY ANSWER ALL OF YOUR QUERIES, BOTH SPOKEN AND UNSPOKEN.
THANKS
MY TRUE NAME IS CARL METZ. I WAS A BIOCHEMIST DOING RESEARCH WITH PROFESSOR WRIGHT, ON THE INFLUENCE OF CHEMICALS ON PLANTS, WHEN...
CARL, OBSERVE THIS PLANT. I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE.
PERHAPS WE'VE GROWN A NEW SPECIES.
WE DISCOVERED THAT THE PLANT WAS EDIBLE, BUT WE DIDN'T REALIZE WHAT EFFECTS IT WOULD HAVE ON OUR INTELLECTS.
THAT MAKES SIX PLANTS WE'VE EATEN SO FAR.
BILL, LOOK AT THESE TEST RESULTS. OUR I.Q.'S HAVE TREBLED!
THE PLANTS ENLARGED NOT ONLY OUR BRAIN CAPACITY, BUT ALSO OUR BRAINS' SIZE!
WE'RE TURNING INTO FREAKS!
STOP BEING A FOOL! WHAT DOES IT MATTER WHAT WE LOOK LIKE? AT THIS MOMENT WE ARE TWO OF THE GREATEST GENIUSES WHO EVER LIVED!
I GAVE THE PLANT TO SEVERAL OF THE STUDENTS AT THE UNIVERSITY, WHERE WE HAD CONDUCTED OUR EXPERIMENTS. WITHIN A FEW SHORT MONTHS I HAD AN ARMY OF SUPER MINDS AND I HAD DEVISED A PLAN FOR WORLD CONQUEST. THE TIME HAD COME FOR WRIGHT AND MYSELF TO PART COMPANY.
GOODBYE, BILL. I MUST CONTINUE OUR WORK IN PRIVATE.
VERY WELL, BUT KEEP ME INFORMED.
12

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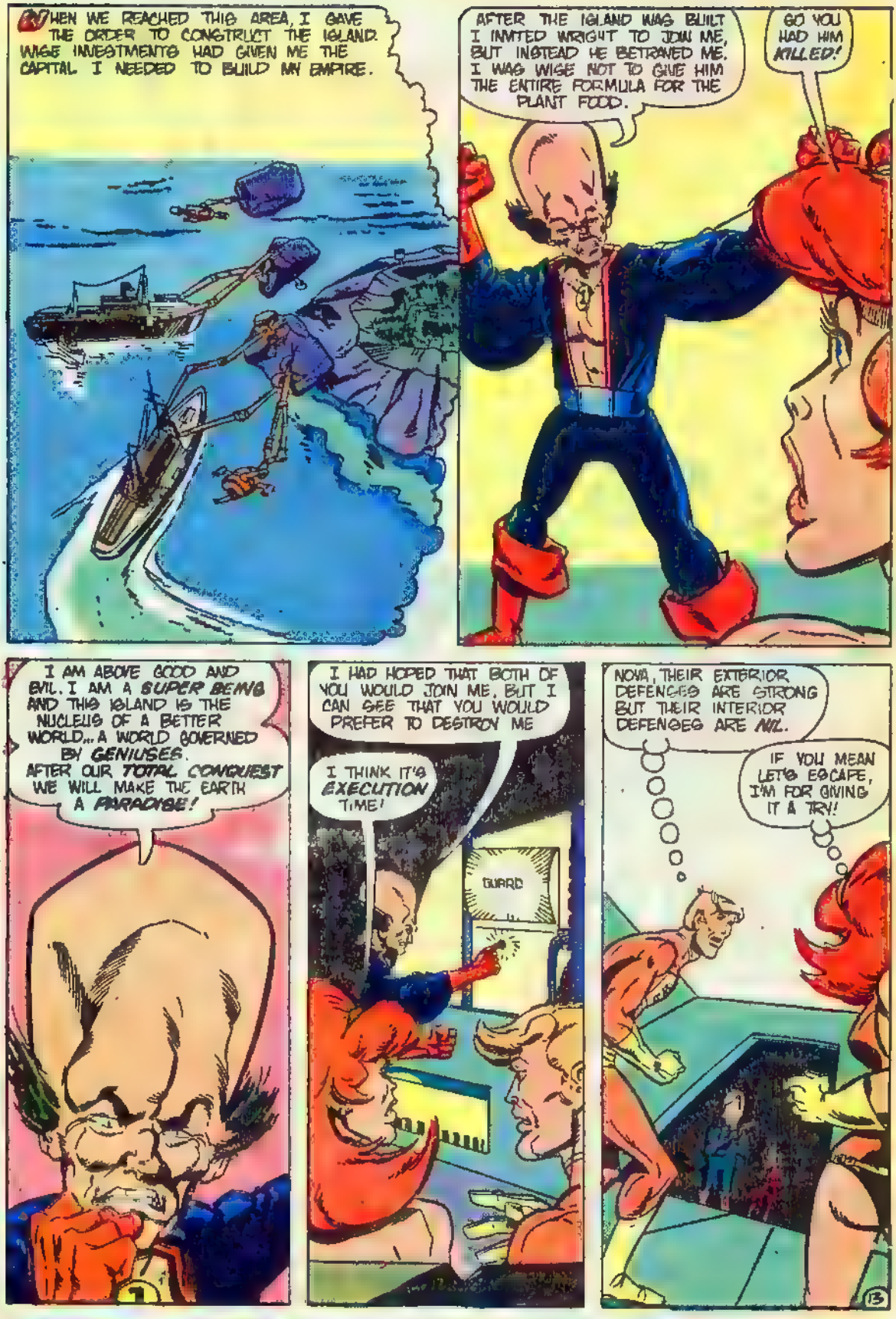
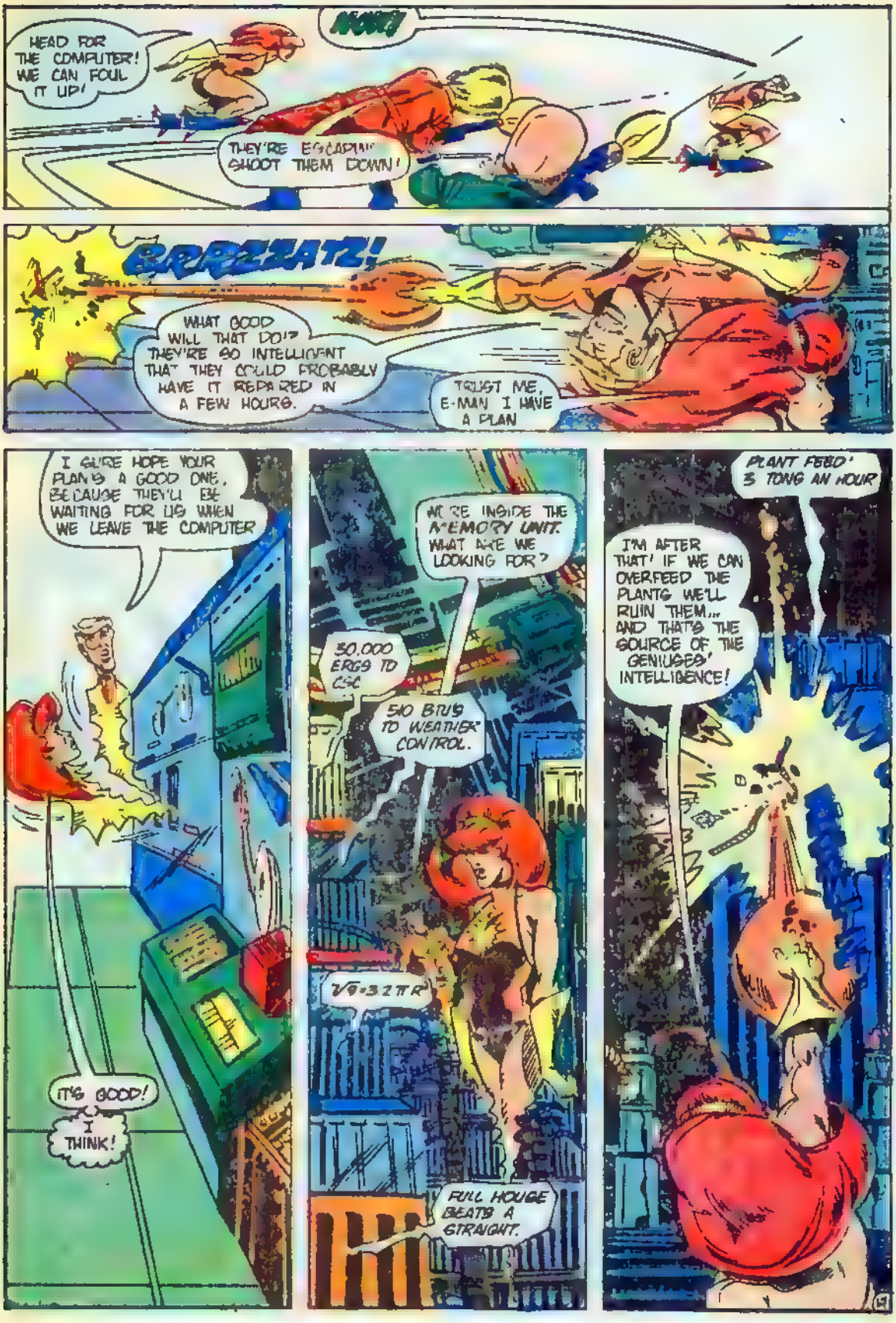
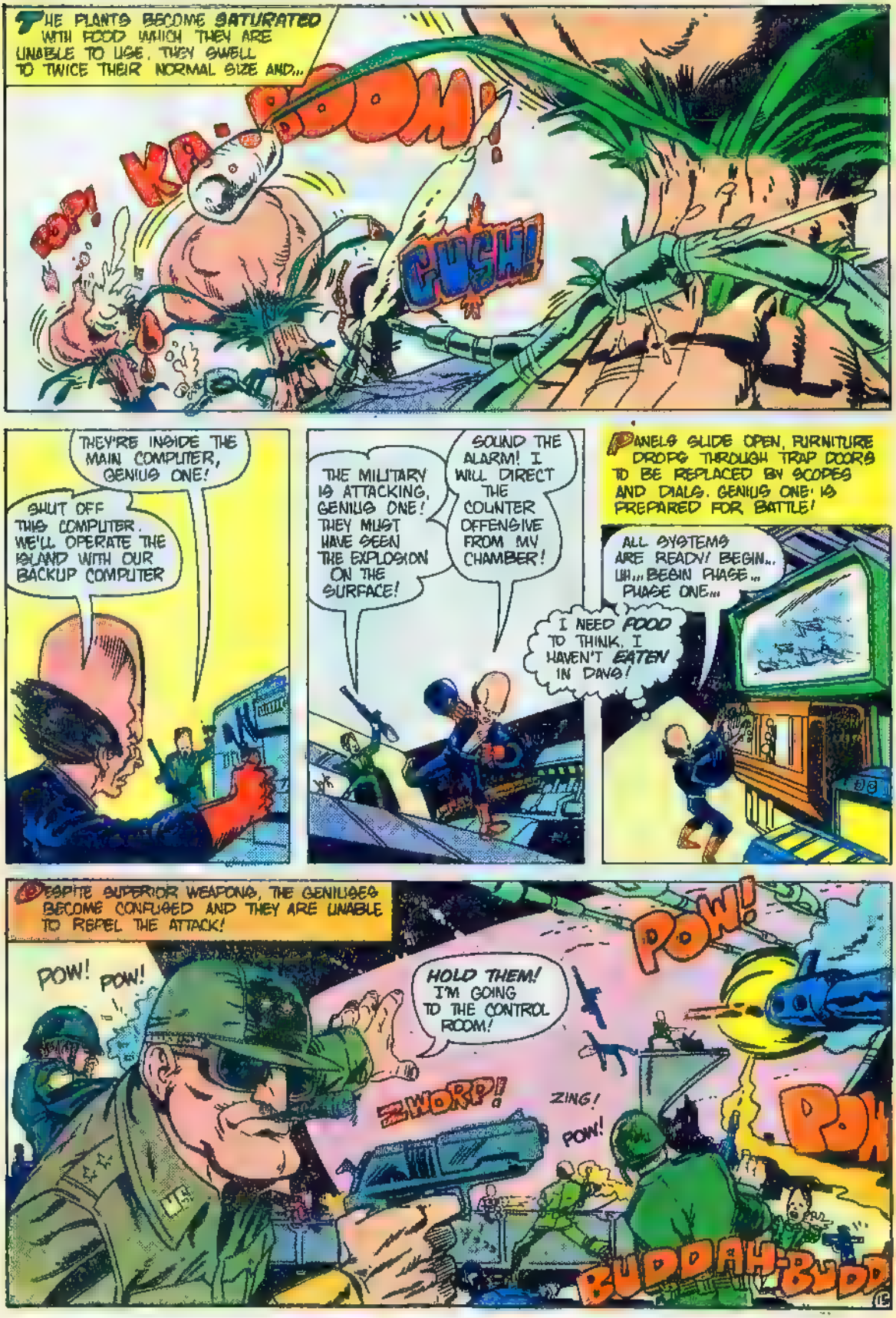
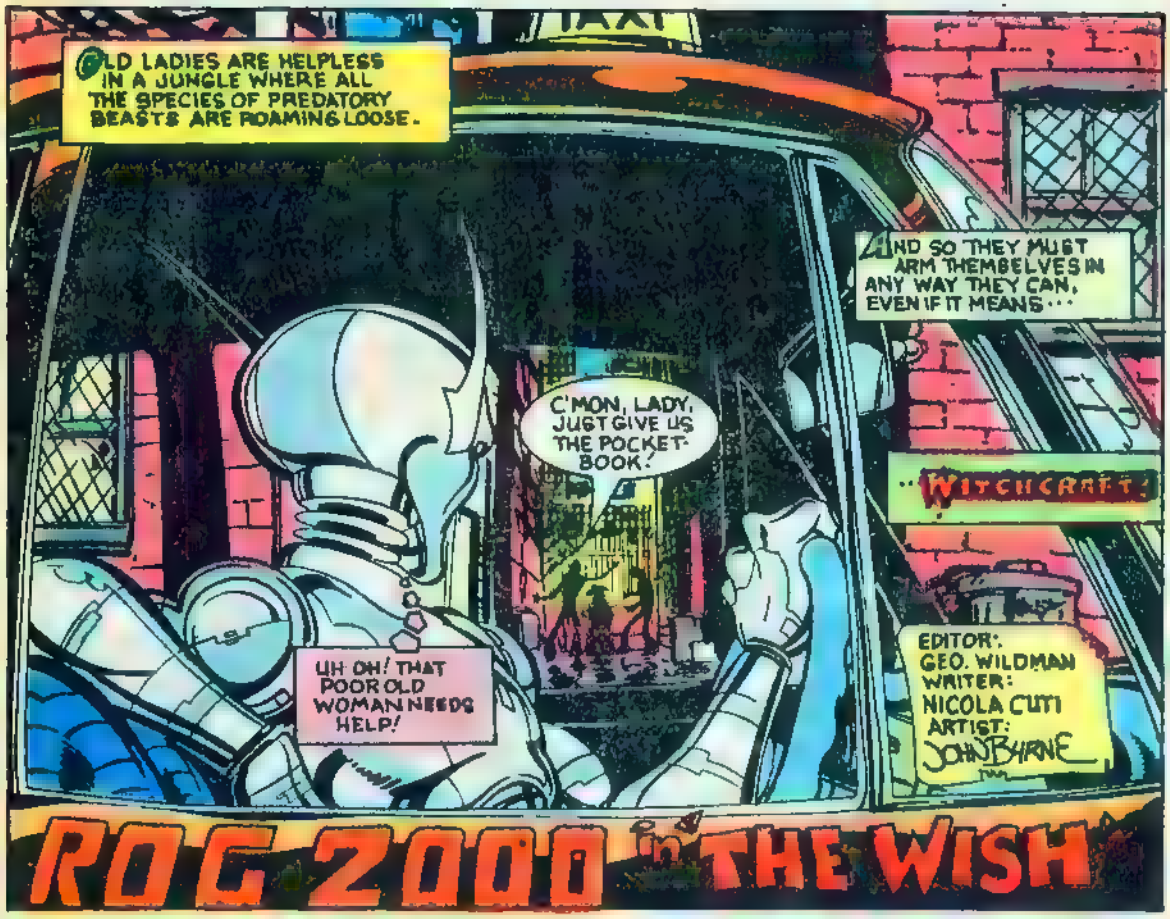
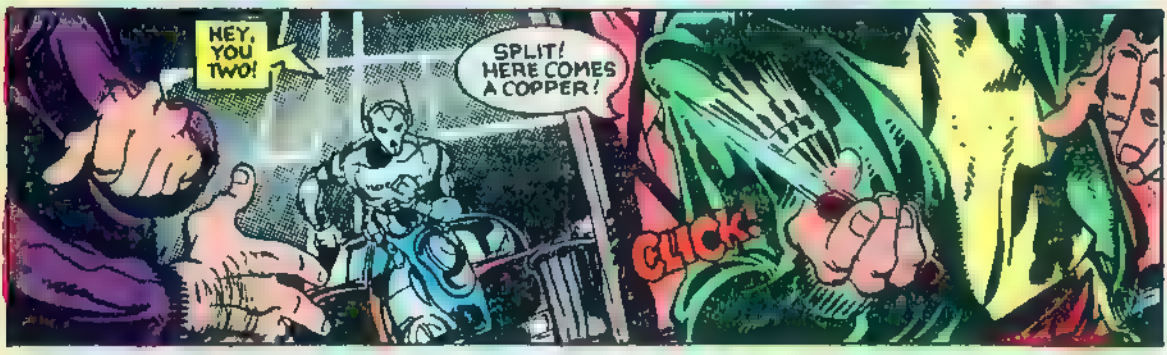

WHEN WE REACHED THIS AREA, I GAVE THE ORDER TO CONSTRUCT THE ISLAND. WISE INVESTMENTS HAD GIVEN ME THE CAPITAL I NEEDED TO BUILD MY EMPIRE.
AFTER THE ISLAND WAS BUILT I INVITED WRIGHT TO JOIN ME, BUT INSTEAD HE BETRAYED ME. I WAS WISE NOT TO GIVE HIM THE ENTIRE FORMULA FOR THE PLANT FOOD.
SO YOU HAD HIM KILLED!
I AM ABOVE GOOD AND EVIL. I AM A SUPER BEING AND THIS ISLAND IS THE NUCLEUS OF A BETTER WORLD... A WORLD GOVERNED BY GENIUSES. AFTER OUR TOTAL CONQUEST WE WILL MAKE THE EARTH A PARADISE!
I HAD HOPED THAT BOTH OF YOU WOULD JOIN ME, BUT I CAN SEE THAT YOU WOULD PREFER TO DESTROY ME
I THINK IT'S EXECUTION TIME!
GUARD
NOVA, THEIR EXTERIOR DEFENSES ARE STRONG BUT THEIR INTERIOR DEFENSES ARE NIL.
IF YOU MEAN LET'S ESCAPE, I'M FOR GIVING IT A TRY!
13

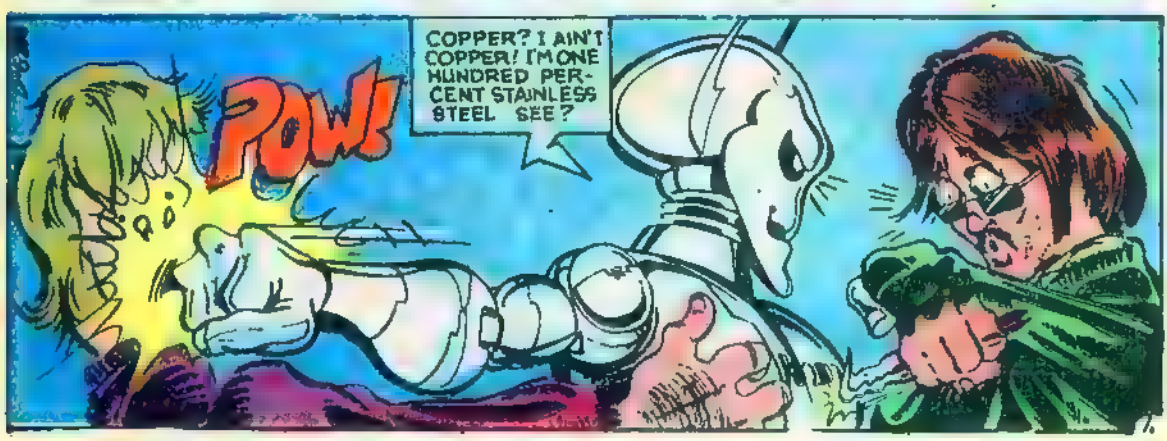

HEAD FOR THE COMPUTER! WE CAN FOUL IT UP!
NOW!
THEY'RE ESCAPIN' SHOOT THEM DOWN!
BRRRZAT!
WHAT GOOD WILL THAT DO? THEY'RE SO INTELLIGENT THAT THEY COULD PROBABLY HAVE IT REPAIRED IN A FEW HOURS.
TRUST ME, E-MAN I HAVE A PLAN
I SURE HOPE YOUR PLAN'S A GOOD ONE, BECAUSE THEY'LL BE WAITING FOR US WHEN WE LEAVE THE COMPUTER
IT'S GOOD! I THINK!
WE'RE INSIDE THE MEMORY UNIT. WHAT ARE WE LOOKING FOR?
50,000 ERGS TO CSC
540 BTUS TO WEATHER CONTROL.
√9-32π²
FULL HOUSE BEATS A STRAIGHT.
PLANT FEED: 3 TONS AN HOUR
I'M AFTER THAT! IF WE CAN OVERFEED THE PLANTS WE'LL RUIN THEM... AND THAT'S THE SOURCE OF THE GENIUSES' INTELLIGENCE!

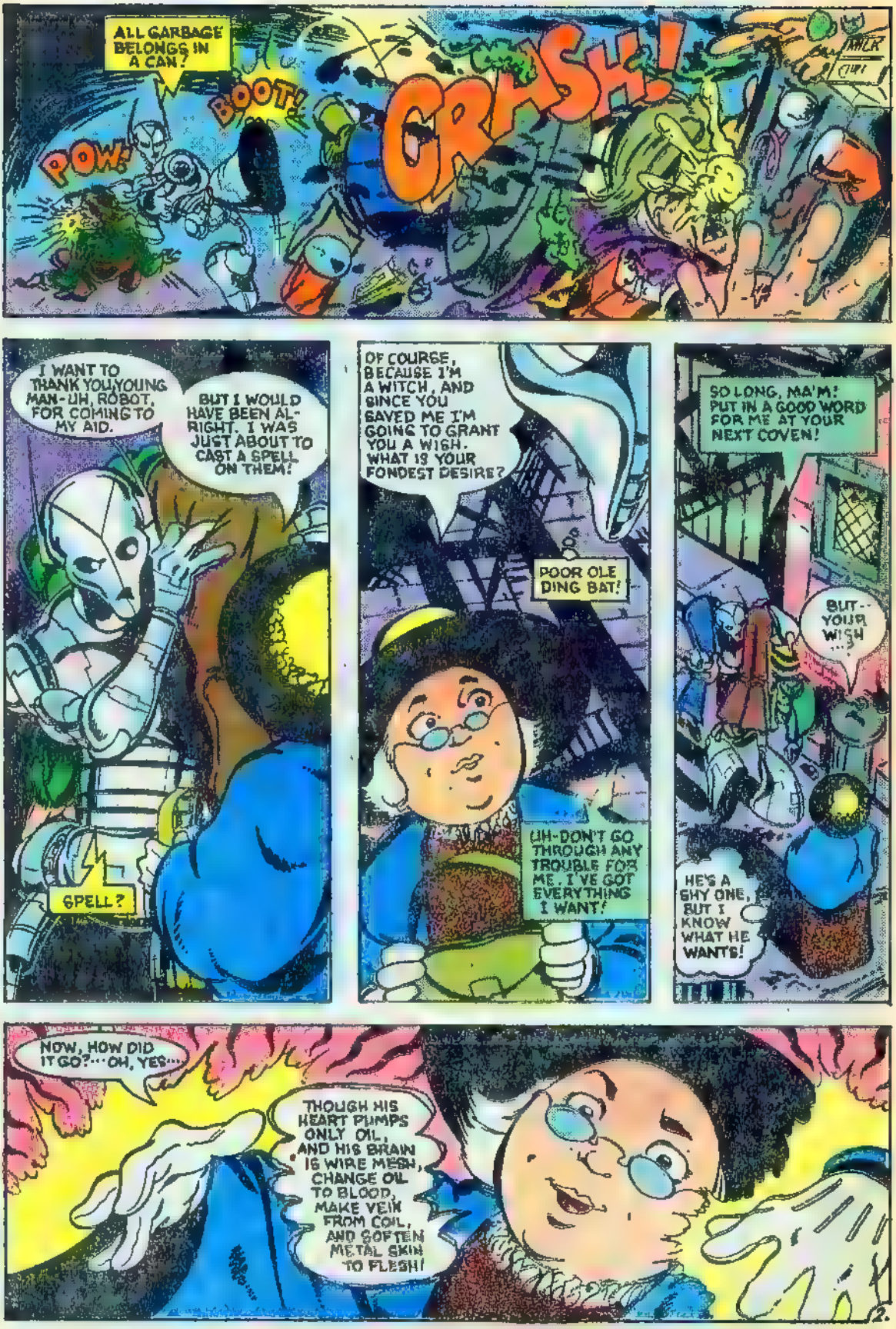

THE PLANTS BECOME SATURATED WITH FOOD WHICH THEY ARE UNABLE TO USE. THEY SWELL TO TWICE THEIR NORMAL SIZE AND...
KA-BOOM!
POP!
CUSH!
THEY'RE INSIDE THE MAIN COMPUTER, GENIUS ONE!
SHUT OFF THIS COMPUTER. WE'LL OPERATE THE ISLAND WITH OUR BACKUP COMPUTER
THE MILITARY IS ATTACKING, GENIUS ONE! THEY MUST HAVE SEEN THE EXPLOSION ON THE SURFACE!
SOUND THE ALARM! I WILL DIRECT THE COUNTER OFFENSIVE FROM MY CHAMBER!
PANELS SLIDE OPEN, FURNITURE DROPS THROUGH TRAP DOORS TO BE REPLACED BY SCOPES AND DIALS. GENIUS ONE IS PREPARED FOR BATTLE!
ALL SYSTEMS ARE READY! BEGIN... UH... BEGIN PHASE... PHASE ONE...
I NEED FOOD TO THINK, I HAVEN'T EATEN IN DAYS!
DESPITE SUPERIOR WEAPONS, THE GENIUSES BECOME CONFUSED AND THEY ARE UNABLE TO REPEL THE ATTACK!
POW! POW!
HOLD THEM! I'M GOING TO THE CONTROL ROOM!
ZWORP!
ZING!
POW!
POW!
POW
BUDDAH-BUDD

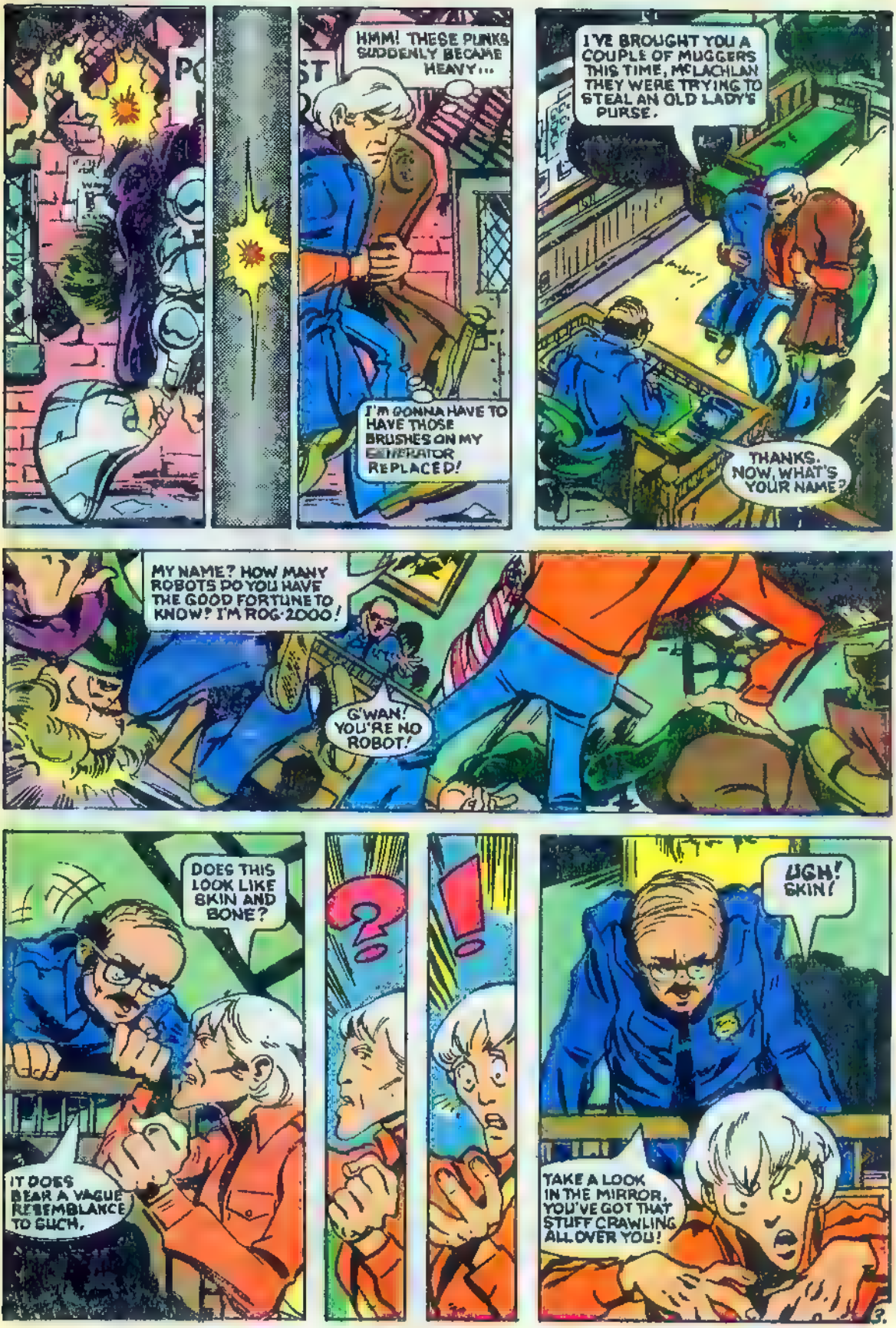
OKAY, BIG BRAIN, TURN AROUND AND LET'S SEE HOW SMART YOU REALLY ARE!
KRASHH
YOU'RE GENIUS ONE?!
WHAT CAN I DO FUH YUH, MISTUH GOLDER? HUH?
WITHOUT THEIR PLANTS THEIR MINDS HAVE SHRUNK TO LESS THAN NORMAL. THOUGH THEY ONCE WERE BRILLIANT PEOPLE, THEY'RE MENTAL DEFECTIVES NOW!
NO WONDER THEY GAVE SO LITTLE RESISTANCE. THANKS FOR YOUR HELP. YOU CAN GO ON HOME.. WE'LL FINISH UP.
WITH THEIR ADVENTURE OVER, E MAN AND NOVA TRY TO SETTLE DOWN TO AN ORDINARY EXISTENCE AS ORDINARY AS SUPER HEROES CAN HAVE BUT...
IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR E-MAN, HE'S INSIDE!
OH, NO! TEDDY'S EATEN THE GENIUS PLANT!
FOOLED YA!
WHEN AM I GOING TO LEARN?
END


OLD LADIES ARE HELPLESS IN A JUNGLE WHERE ALL THE SPECIES OF PREDATORY BEASTS ARE ROAMING LOOSE.
AND SO THEY MUST ARM THEMBELVES IN ANY WAY THEY CAN, EVEN IF IT MEANS...
C'MON, LADY, JUST GIVE US THE POCKET-BOOK!
WITCHCRAFT!
UH OH! THAT POOR OLD WOMAN NEEDS HELP!
EDITOR: GEO. WILDMAN
WRITER: NICOLA CUTI
ARTIST: JOHN BYRNE
ROG 2000 in THE WISH


HEY, YOU TWO!
SPLIT! HERE COMES A COPPER!
CLICK


POW!
COPPER? I AIN'T COPPER! I'M ONE HUNDRED PER-CENT STAINLESS STEEL SEE?


ALL GARBAGE BELONGS IN A CAN!
POW!
BOOT!
CRASH!
I WANT TO THANK YOU, YOUNG MAN - UH, ROBOT, FOR COMING TO MY AID.
BUT I WOULD HAVE BEEN ALRIGHT. I WAS JUST ABOUT TO CAST A SPELL ON THEM!
SPELL?
OF COURSE, BECAUSE I'M A WITCH, AND SINCE YOU SAVED ME I'M GOING TO GRANT YOU A WISH. WHAT IS YOUR FONDEST DESIRE?
POOR OLE DING BAT!
UH-DON'T GO THROUGH ANY TROUBLE FOR ME. I'VE GOT EVERYTHING I WANT!
SO LONG, MA'M! PUT IN A GOOD WORD FOR ME AT YOUR NEXT COVEN!
BUT-- YOUR WISH...?
HE'S A SHY ONE, BUT I KNOW WHAT HE WANTS!
NOW, HOW DID IT GO?... OH, YES...
THOUGH HIS HEART PUMPS ONLY OIL, AND HIS BRAIN IS WIRE MESH, CHANGE OIL TO BLOOD, MAKE VEIN FROM COIL, AND SOFTEN METAL SKIN TO FLESH!


HMM! THESE PUNKS SUDDENLY BECAME HEAVY...
I'M GONNA HAVE TO HAVE THOSE BRUSHES ON MY EXTERMINATOR REPLACED!
I'VE BROUGHT YOU A COUPLE OF MUGGERS THIS TIME, McLACHLAN THEY WERE TRYING TO STEAL AN OLD LADY'S PURSE.
THANKS. NOW, WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
MY NAME? HOW MANY ROBOTS DO YOU HAVE THE GOOD FORTUNE TO KNOW? I'M ROG-2000!
G'WAN! YOU'RE NO ROBOT!
DOES THIS LOOK LIKE SKIN AND BONE?
IT DOES BEAR A VAGUE RESEMBLANCE TO SUCH.
?
!
UGH! SKIN!
TAKE A LOOK IN THE MIRROR, YOU'VE GOT THAT STUFF CRAWLING ALL OVER YOU!

OMIGOSH! THAT CRAZY OLD LADY WAS A WITCH! SHE DID THIS TO ME!
I'M HUMAN!
ONE GETS USED TO IT.
BUT, I DON'T WANNA BE HUMAN! I WANNA BE A MACHINE AGAIN!
THEN STICK A LIGHT BULB IN YOUR EAR AND GET OUTTA HERE. THIS IS A POLICE STATION NOT A PSYCHO-WARD!
FATE, HOWEVER, IS NOT THROUGH WITH THE FORMER MECHANICAL MAN.
THAT MAN! IT'S "DUCK" GRIFFIN! THERE'S AN OPEN CONTRACT ON HIM!
POLICE
I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS HAS HAPPENED TO ME! -SNIF: GEEZ I'M ACT-UALLY CATCHING A COLD!
...AND "COLD FISH" MORAN IS JUST THE MAN TO COLLECT!
PETE, DRIVE BY THAT SHORT, BURLY GUY. I'M GOING TO HIT HIM.
IS THIS JUST FOR PRACTICE, FISH, OR... IS THAT "DUCK" GRIFFIN?
4.

IT'S HIM, ALRIGHT. AND IN A FEW SECONDS HE'S GOING TO BE A DEAD DUCK!
I WONDER WHY THEY CALL HIM "DUCK"?
OLD FISH MAKES THE ERROR OF CALLING OUT "DUCK'S" NAME BEFORE OPENING FIRE...
HEY "DUCK"!
WHA!?
BLAM BLAM BLAM
AND ROGIE, NOT RECOGNIZING "DUCK" AS A NAME...
SPING! SPING! SPING!
...OBEYS IT AS A COMMAND!
HE MUSTA MADE UP THAT NAME HIMSELF! WOTTA GIMMICK!
AFTER HIM! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!
THEY'RE COMING BACK! IF I WAS MY OLD SELF I'D PUNCH A HOLE IN THEIR RADIATOR, BUT NOW I GOTTA DO WHAT ANY MAN WOULD DO...
...RUN!

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

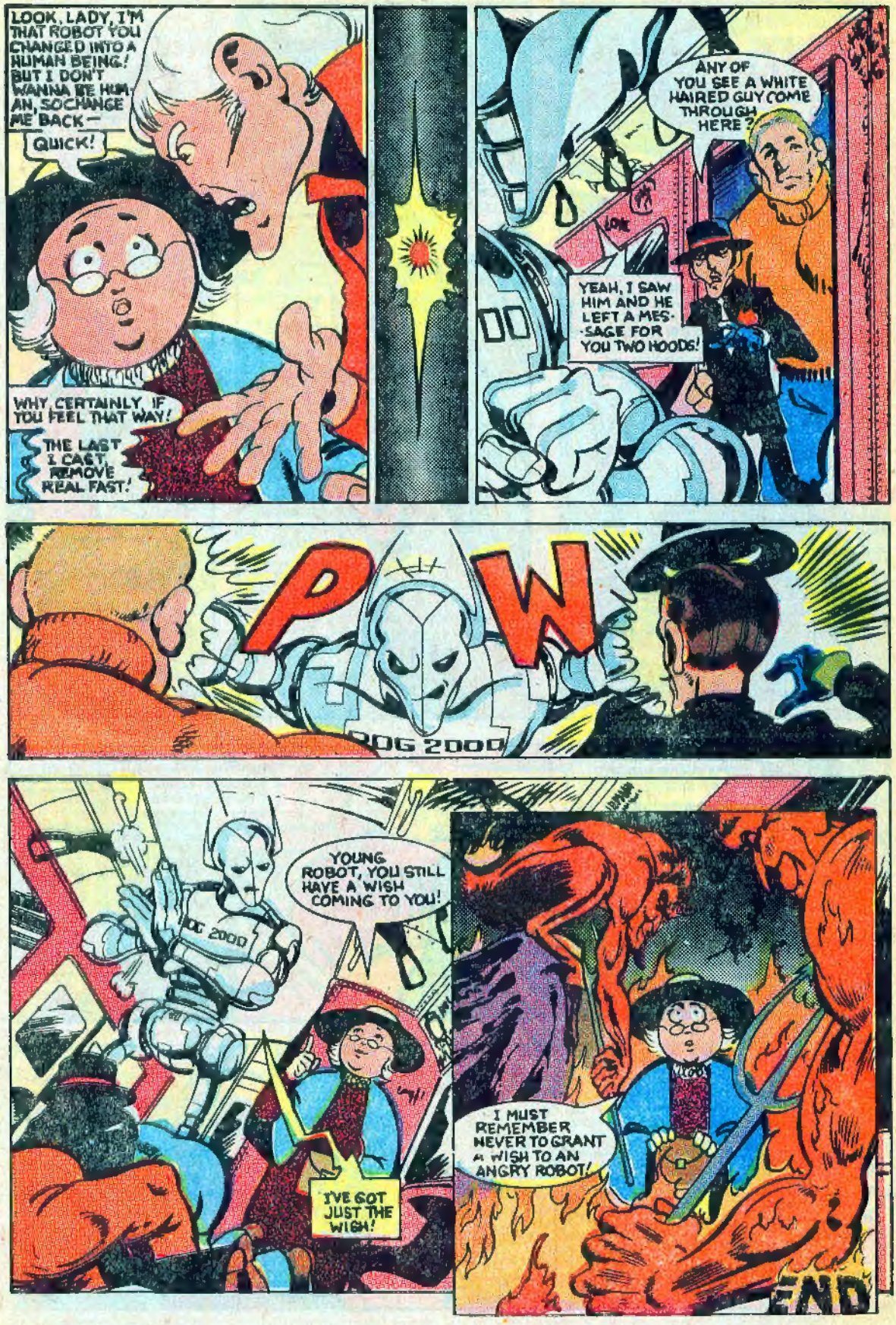
GET OUT OF THE CAR! THE COWARD'S HEADING DOWN THE TUBE!
COWARD!? ALL HIS COURAGE COMES IN NINE MILLIMETER SIZES! GUN-BRAVE PUNKS ARE THE WORST!
SUB-

PLEASE DON'T CLOSE!
WAIT 'TIL I GET INSIDE!
DON'T CLOSE!
DON'T CLOSE!

MADE IT!
BUT SO WILL THOSE HOODS UNLESS THESE DOORS CLOSE!

COME ON, YA STUPID DOOR! CLOSE! CLOSE!
FORGET WHAT I SAID BEFORE!
STERNO WAS HERE
PEACE
LEXIN
LOVE

ARE YOU ALRIGHT, YOUNG MAN?
I AIN'T BEEN ALRIGHT SINCE ... IT'S YOU! THE OLD WITCH!


LOOK, LADY, I'M THAT ROBOT YOU CHANGED INTO A HUMAN BEING! BUT I DON'T WANNA BE HUM AN, SOCHANGE ME BACK—
QUICK!
WHY, CERTAINLY, IF YOU FEEL THAT WAY!
THE LAST I CAST REMOVE REAL FAST!
ANY OF YOU SEE A WHITE HAIRED GUY COME THROUGH HERE?
YEAH, I SAW HIM AND HE LEFT A MES-SAGE FOR YOU TWO HOODS!
POW
DOG 2000
YOUNG ROBOT, YOU STILL HAVE A WISH COMING TO YOU!
I'VE GOT JUST THE WISH!
I MUST REMEMBER NEVER TO GRANT A WISH TO AN ANGRY ROBOT!
END

To Editor George Wildman:

I'm not much of a letter-writer, but this, I think, is a special occasion.

I haven't seen a Charlton super-hero type magazine on the market since I was a kid, 'way back when — and I've enjoyed your comeback immensely. E-Man has to be one of the most innovative characters I've seen in more than a decade, and real innovations in the comics field are getting to be pretty scarce. The new characters that *do* show up are usually the dead-serious, there's - no - fun - in - life types — about as far removed from the general atmosphere of E-Man as it's possible to get.

I like the atmosphere in *E-Man* — life is full of little insanities, and the best way to get past them is to laugh at them. This is the first magazine I've come across that seems to recognize the fact and magnify on the concept enough to get it right out into the open. Some prime examples of what I'm talking about show up in *E-Man* No. 6.

Page 2, panel 3: 'Geo. Wildman eats spinach.' on the paving stone. How many artists put graffitti about their editors on the panels?

Page 3, panel 5: 'I don't get it. Nova wore less than that for the beauty contest!' Beautifully put — how would an extraterrestrial understand the social foibles of another society? Particularly one as mixed-up as America's? About all he can do is do what we do — pick up the rules as they go past, and try to memorize them. They don't rationalize very well.

Page 5, panel 2: 'If we used really frightening things such as war, crime or political corruption, it would be too horrifying a ride for an amusement park.' Touche'! By comparison, the mythical horrors of vampires and blobs and things that go bump in the night are light entertainment.

Page 11, panel 6: 'TIMBERRRRR!' Right on! I've heard of having a wall fall on you time and again, but who's ever put it in a comic?

Page 16, panel 5: For a creature capable of assuming any makeup he wants, you'd expect that E-Man would come out of a battle unmarked. Having him show up in the last panel looking exactly the way he felt after the battle was a beautiful touch!

The next order of business is congratulations on the new feature in the back of the magazine ROG 2000.

I don't know just how plausible the idea of a robotic cabbie with a bent for 'getting involved' in the Big Apple is, but it goes down pretty good in the end.

Page 1, panel 3: The motor oil cocktail is a good touch — after all, only *humans* get oiled on alcohol—

Page 2, panel 6: 'Eeeyow! I'm glad he's just bored with me. I wouldn't want to make him mad!' I see he's also a master of understatement.

Page 3, panels 4 and 5: ROG's remark from the sidelines about 'Fat chance he'll do that!' in reply to the cop's statement that Magno had the right to remain silent — beautiful. Kibitzers I'm used to — cybernetic kibitzers are a new wrinkle I think I could fall in love with.

Page 4, panel 6: Everyone's used to the idea that robots have infallible memories because their brains are computers — having ROG mutter to himself while he puts himself back together (as if he were assembling a toy on the night before Christmas, no less!) makes him seem all the more human, and lovable, for it. And the sound effect in the panel directly above — CLUNQUE! (???) Who put *that* one in there? Emily Post?

Page 5, panels 2-4: Why the heck am I walking backwards? I fell out of my tree! Only a robot could pull off a Keystone Kops stunt like that!

Page 5, panel 5: 'Lord! It's that insane bolt-bucket again!' This time I had a pillow under my tree for when I fell out. I think that page had to be the best and funniest in the magazine.

Page 7, panel 8: A robot, filing her nails? Not exactly what you'd expect from a robot — but what I'm coming to expect from this magazine. Comic non sequiturs seem to be one of your specialties. I like it.

Page 8, panel 5: 'Yeah, but so long as she can do that, we're just going to be good friends.' Point well taken. While a robot might not be alive technically, I imagine one wouldn't exactly hold being turned into a slag heap because of a spat with a 'lady' friend as a lifelong ambition.

ROG 2000's eminently expressive face is a big help to the overall effect of a 'human' robot, as is his reaction of anger to being referred to as a *walking oil can*. The punch in Magno's chops and the remark about never holding a grudge are all distinctly human characteristics, and all well-suited to the task of making a sentient robot seem more human.

On top of all the other built-in guffaws in the script and artwork, I noticed that J. Byrne tucked in a jibe at his fellow artist on the first panel of page 2, in the form of a pseudo-headline story in a loose newspaper — Staton Dies! Famed cartoonist eaten by frogs.

Do these two trade whoopee cushions around the office, too, or do they confine themselves to their artwork?

I noticed that Nicola Cuti scripted both stories — and working from the name, I'll make a wild stab in the dark and guess that the name belongs to a member of the gentler sex (Unless she's been taking Kung Fu lessons, of course). N.C. is good at what she does — and I'd like to know if she originated both characters, or if she's just carrying the ball for said individual? In either case, the originator is a bright and inventive individual — issue 6 wasn't made up by someone who'd been to a wild party the night before, for certain!

Anyhow, it looks as if you, at least, have something that will last for a good while, so mazel tov, brothers and sisters.

Encouragingly,
Dennis L. Crabtree
St. Louis, Mo.